

Evening Telegraph

A DAILY AFTERNOON NEWSPAPER.

OFFICE NO. 108 S. THIRD STREET.

Price Ten Cents Per Copy, or Eighteen Cents Per Week, payable to the Carrier, and mailed to Subscribers of the City at Five Dollars Per Month; One Dollar and Fifty Cents for Two Months, invariably in Advance.

No advertisements accepted at the usual rates. A liberal remittance made for extended insertion.

To Correspondents.
We welcome to our columns all communications, whether personal or general, from our subscribers, giving the name and address of the writer—not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee for his good faith. We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

To Advertisers.

Owing to the great increase in the Circulation of The Evening Telegraph, we urgently request that advertisements may be handed in as soon as 10 o'clock, if possible, to secure an insertion in all of our editions.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1864.

THE LAST DRAFT.—The President has assured some of his friends that the present will be the last direct call for troops that will be made. Most of our generals believe that the war will end with the present year, and the Rebels are of the same opinion. We ought, therefore, to make this last effort to save our Union the grandest of all. Turn out, if only for one year's service, and receive bounties and pay which will net you seventeen dollars per week, and secure your property and the blessings of a free Government to your posterity! To do less would be unmoral.

HOW WE MANUFACTURE GREAT MEN.

The astute Lord Verulam long ago gave us, in his pregnant phrase, a brief philosophy of greatness—"Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." Although we Americans are by no means lacking in the great by nature, the "grand in soul," or the men who, by sheer force of will, achieve the pinnacle of fame and influence, yet it must be acknowledged that we are particularly happy in dressing little men in borrowed plumes—in wafting small men to cloudy heights, or erecting statues that look well enough upon the ground, upon pedestals so lofty that it puzzles the mass to trace the shadowy outline. We should have a patent from the office of nations for the process of manufacturing great men.

Even as he who does much with narrow means claims the highest credit, we demand all honor for building so splendidly out of such insignificant materials.

There was a time—now in the dull realm of "long ago"—when we were content to follow the lead of those upon whom nature had set the seal of superior genius, and who had improved their gifts by persevering study or rigorous exercise—when we allowed the real sun to shine, and did not labor to supplant its beams with lights manufactured in the laboratory—when we rendered homage to the genuine gods among men, and strove not to fashion others of ordinary clay, to whom we might transfer the praise. We fabricate "second WASHINGTONS" now as we compose cure-all-pills, and blazon them to the world with the same amount of quack advertising.

The giants of olden days, should we believe the story, have their counterparts in this day and generation; and although our demand for the deeds of evidence remains unsatisfied, we are confidently assured that we have among us characters fit to stand with all the mighty men in the golden ages of the world. But in manufacturing greatness, our artisans do not confine themselves to comparisons with the famous men of the past. There is not a distinguished person of the day, renowned in the ranks of war or the calm achievements of peace, who is not invoked for the purpose of showing the superior qualities of the individual who is being worked up to greatness. A successful general is a "young NAPOLEON." A writer of trashy novels is "equal, and in many respects superior, to DICKENS and THACKERAY." All this is very ridiculous, but the disposition to exaggerate is becoming so general that the creation of greatness out of nothing will soon be set down as one of our national characteristics.

But the process. How is it performed?

The mode varies with the kind of article desired. Suppose a party of cagers petitioned—feeling exceedingly hollow from having been for years among the "outs"—want a "great man" to serve as a kite to carry them to the public crib. They are perfectly assured that one of their own men will not do, however long he may have been in public office or political life. They want a new man—wherein they differ from saucious people of other nations, who prefer to trust an old servant of the household with the keys, and there to raise the flag; then a convention, with several sham ballots, and a unanimous nomination, and the great man is before the public.

Great statesmen, of course, are manufactured by a somewhat different process. The principal aim, in this case, is to get the individual who is to be worked upon to "serve the country." Before the saying can take place, however, the country must be put in danger, or at least, the idea that our most cherished institutions are upon the brink of a precipice must be sedulously inculcated, in order that the "great statesman" may place them once more on sure and solid ground. In other words, the pins must be set up before they can be knocked down, in this game; as in another which is less dignified.

In literature the thing is accomplished on the patent medicine principle, as everybody knows, and therefore we need not go into detail as to the modus operandi. The number of DICKENSES, THACKERAYS, BULWERs, WALTER SCOTTs, and writers who "combine the best qualities of all those great knights of the pen," who are yearly carried up to glory upon the wings of the booksellers' advertisements, easily equalled by the number of volumes which the mass of readers forget a month after perusal. "Great poets," however, need something beyond the advertisement. They require the aid of a "Mutual Admiration Society," existing somewhere in the atmosphere of Boston and New York, admittance to which is not easy to gain.

We have many thousand versifiers in this country, who can elaborate something that wears the aspect of poetry—the hue of the water, if it shed not the fragrance. There is

not a college that does not possess at least one individual who can write verses of taste, if not of imagination. A single paper at the West has at least twenty contributors, who write what the editor, himself, one of the genuine poets, calls true mimesis. Two-thirds of them write nothing that will sound like "music o'er the waves of time"—nothing deserving precedence of our ordinary newspaper verse. Yet each new string of rhyme they produce is heralded with lofty eulogy, as another effort of a "great poet." Truly this is a great country, and particularly distinguished for its manufacture of greatness.

OFF FOR CHICAGO.—A great many of our citizens will leave Philadelphia during this and next week for Chicago, to attend the great National Democratic Convention. It is supposed that the "peace wing," under the Woods, will be foored, and that the choice of the Convention will be McCLELLAN and HANCOCK for President and Vice-President. Both of these men came from Pennsylvania originally, but one now hails from New York, and the other from St. Louis. One of these men used to call for men vociferously—men—now the latter asks for men to do good work about Petersburg, where he is fighting hard for his country, like an honest, brave, and patriotic soldier, as he is. We say both have asked for men—so before you go to Chicago, gentlemen, put in your substitutes, pay a debt you owe to McCLELLAN, and do your duty toward HANCOCK and the country. If you do not you may find yourselves drafted when you return, without even the privilege of volunteering or fighting by proxy.

WHO SHALL BE SHERIFF?
Public interest is roused to the highest pitch over the nomination of a Union candidate for Sheriff. The struggle has apparently narrowed itself down to a contest between Messrs. HOWELL, DYER, and COVELL. The delegate elections last night developed the fact that Mr. HOWELL is by far the strongest of the three candidates, and his friends claim that he has enough votes to nominate him.

There seems to be a thorough understanding that HOWELL's success in the present convention will pave the way for DYER for the succeeding term. This will, probably, have the effect of creating an alliance between their mutual supporters in the Convention.

HOWELL's friends are earnest, confident, and enthusiastic, and their devotion to their favorite revives the memories of the conflicts of the old Whig party, under their glorious standard-bearer HENRY CLAY. He seems to have the faculty of attaching his friends to his cause to such an extent as to make them indifferent to minor offices. This can easily be accounted for. He has adorned the honorable list of Philadelphia merchants, and during a life-time of active business his name has never been tarnished by a suspicion of dishonesty.

He has made troops of friends; all parties and creeds by his frank, genial intercourse, and by his open-handed generosity to those in distress. We venture to assert that no man could be nominated who would bring so large a support to the ticket from the Democrats as Mr. HOWELL.

His friends have been roused to renewed exertions in his behalf by the revival of a stale and exploded charge made against him by his political enemies, and which has long since been refuted and retracted. This charge consists of a letter nearly ten years old, from E. M. DAVIS (late Quartermaster at St. Louis, under FREMONT, and now in open opposition to the Union party), in which Mr. DAVIS demanded cash for some goods purchased of him by the firm of CALLED COPE & CO., because Mr. HOWELL, a member of the firm, was an abolitionist.

The whole thing is too ridiculous to notice. It did not involve an attempt to disrupt and defeat the party by a revival of old causes of strife and dissension, which the first gun against Sumter scattered to the winds. Since an attempt to impugn Mr. HOWELL's loyalty has been made, his friends have a double incentive to labor for his nomination.

This should be accomplished not so much for the emoluments of that office, as for the sake of wiping away from the name of a pure and honorable citizen the base and slanderous insinuation that he does not support, heart and soul, the cause of the nation and the Government.

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which require a higher degree of special experience and intelligence than is afforded in the ordinary tribunals of justice.

An infinite variety of questions which turn on the customs of merchants, and demand a thorough knowledge of mercantile business and practice, are now referred to arbitrators; and unless something is done to insure more confidence in the judgments of the ordinary Courts, the time will come when no cause involving the decision of commercial law and usage will be entrusted to any other tribunal than a board of merchants. An eminent English jurist, Lord CAMPBELL, with a view, we presume, to initiate reform in this most important matter, not long since suggested the introduction of a bill into Parliament, proposing, among other things, to abolish the rule which requires the entire unanimity of a jury, in order to give effect to a verdict. Like all innovations upon long-established institutions, this measure met with more or less doubt and hesitation, and will, perhaps, be deferred indefinitely.

But it seems reasonable to believe that, in civil cases, if not in those involving life, it would be not only safe and wise, but most desirable, to have the justice of a case determined by a majority of twelve men, rather than made dependent, as at present, on the ignorance or dishonesty of any one of the number. It is much more probable that seven out of a dozen men taken at random may be able, as well as disposed, to decide a question fairly, than that no one of the dozen will be either a contumacious knave or fool; and hence it would be well to alter the law in such manner that the integrity and intelligence of a bare majority of a jury may determine a question, rather than that any one of the whole should have it in his power to prevent a righteous decision. This subject, however, is not of a kind to be hastily dealt with, though it certainly demands, at once, that sort of enlightened and sober discussion which should introduce every important social or political reform.

At a recent railroad dinner, in compliment to the legal fraternity, the toast was given: "An honest lawyer the noblest work of God;" but an old farmer in the back part of the hall rather spoiled the effect by adding, in a loud voice, "And about the scarest."

The old spirit of patriotism has revived in many of the towns of Massachusetts. In one day ninety young men from the country passed through the Provost Marshal's office in the Third district, of whom eighty-two were accepted. They enter the service for one year.

MARRIED.
EPNER-SCHIEFEL.—On the 20th instant, by Rev. J. Mann, Mr. GUSTAV EPNER to Miss KATE SCHIEFEL, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Schieffel.

GILLINGHAM-DONALDSON.—August 10, by Rev. J. Gordon Maxwell, Joseph E. GILLINGHAM to CLARA, daughter of the late James Donaldson, both of

BRAZG.—Killed on the 17th inst., on the Charles City Road, while gallantly rallying his men upon the enemy, Captain FREDERICK BRAZG, of the 10th Mass. Cavalry, aged 21 years.

The funeral will take place on Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock, in the First Presbyterian Church, on Broad Street, Trenton, N. J.

The relations and friends of the deceased are invited to meet at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. BRAZG, 104 Broad Street, on Friday morning, 11 o'clock.

SARILLE.—Born on the 10th inst., at the home of Mr. and Mrs. ANN M. AVAIL, wife of John E. Saville, in the 3rd ward of her native city.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of Mr. and Mrs. BRAZG, 104 Broad Street, on Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

DAVISON.—Born on the 17th inst., at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Gilpin, Margaret E., daughter of Margaret Burns, and the late Jesse Varnay.

The relatives and friends of the deceased are invited to meet at the residence of her brother-in-law, James W. Davison, No. 113 Green street, at 10 o'clock on Thursday morning. To proceed to Laurel Hill Cemetery.

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C. H. CLARK,
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MATTHEW McMICHAEL, JR.,
TREASURER.

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TO THE GREAT

Coal, Iron, and Lumber Regions
OF PENNSYLVANIA.

TICKETS GOOD FOR TEN DAYS.

GIVE ENOUGH TIME TO VISIT EACH POINT OF INTEREST ON THE ROUTE.

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Army and Navy Agent, Agents

No. 40 Wall Street, New York.

FARE, \$10.

Tickets can be obtained at the Office of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, and North Pennsylvania Railroad Companies, and at

N. W. CORNER SIXTH AND CHESTNUT STS.

Tickets start from Philadelphia and Reading Depot at 9 A. M. and 9 P. M., and from North Pennsylvania Railroad Depot at 1 A. M. and 9 P. M. and 9 P. M.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

WAN